

*King.* Goe call him hither presently.  
The deepe resolving witty *Buckingham*,  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,  
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,  
And stops he now for breath?

*Enter Darby.*  
How now what newes with you?  
*Dar.* My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*  
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas  
Where he abides.

*King.* *Catesby.* *Can.* My Lord,  
*King.* Rumor is abroad

That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,  
I will take order for her keeping close:  
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,  
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,  
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:  
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out  
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.  
About it, for it stands me much vpon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,  
I must be married to my brothers daughter,  
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,  
Murther her brother, and then marry her,  
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in  
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,  
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

*Enter Tirrel.*  
Is thy name *Tirrel*?

*Tir.* *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

*King.* Art thou indeed?

*Tir.* Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

*King.* Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

*Tir.* I my Lord; but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,

*King.* Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies:

Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

*Tirrel*, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

*Tir.* Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them,

*King.* Thou singst sweete musicke, Come hither *Tirrell*,  
Go by that token, rise and lead thine eare. *Hee whispers in*  
Tis no more but so, say, is it done *his eare.*

And I will loue thee and preferre thee too.

*Tir.* Tis done my good Lord.

*King.* Shall wee heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

*Tir.* Yea my good Lord.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buc.* My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,

The late demand that you did found me in.

*King.* Well let that passe: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

*Buc.* I heare that newes my Lord.

*King.* *Stanley*, he is your wifes sonne: Well lookt too it.

*Buc.* My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,

The Earldome of Herford and the moucables,

The which you promised I should possesse.

*King.* *Stanley* looke to your wife, if they conuey

Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.

*Buc.* What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

*King.* As I remember *Henry* the sixt

Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,

When *Richmond* was a little peeuishe boy,

A King perhaps, perhaps,

*Buc.* My Lord.

*King.* How chance the prophet could not at that time,

Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

*Buc.* My Lord, your promise for the Earldome.

*King.* *Richmond*, When last I was at *Exeter*,

The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And called it *Rugemount*, at which name I started,

Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once

I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*

*Buc.* My Lord.

*King.* I whats a clocke?

*Buc.* I am thus bold to put your grace in minde

Of what you promised me.

*King.* Well but whats a clocke?

*Buc.* Vpon the stroke of ten.